

Miss Marie McMahon

For thirty-eight years—over one-half the life of the Journal—Miss Marie McMahon, with her shy smile, infinite forbearance and sure fingers, has seen this organization through crisis after crisis. She has humored an unending procession of omniscient editorial boards, has weathered the wrath of outraged source-checkers and equally outraged contributors, and has quietly replaced impressionistic spelling, punctuation and form with the wisdom of Noah Webster, the blue book and her own persistent common sense. Her timid inquiry: "Could he really have meant to say this?" and "What do you suppose this could mean?" has been the gentlest of correctives to continual folly. And to despairing editorial boards faced with the prospect of authors without deadlines and deadlines without authors, Miss Mac's very presence has brought the assurance and consolation of the seer's words, that "this too shall pass." Now she is retiring; we doubt that our office will ever be the same.

Of necessity, each Journal Board that worked with Miss Mac came away with its own set of experiences, personal reminiscences and unique recollections. There is no way of bringing all these together here and now. Only Miss Mac can know them all; we and our predecessors can know only the smallest portion. And yet, because to each of us, Miss Mac has seemed like a timeless and constant spirit, it seems somehow as if we can glimpse more. If then we could guess from our own experience some of what those who have gone before owe most to Miss Mac it would be something like this:

Marie McMahon has been for thirty-eight years a quiet, unobtrusive and infinitely patient co-worker. She has been the center and heart of an operation which seemed purely and solely devoted to turning out volumes of print. Yet, the by-product and perhaps the main product of that enterprise has been turning young men and women into compassionate, tolerant human beings. And in no small measure that process has been initiated and shaped by Miss Mac's quick smile, quiet warmth, shy humor and, on occasion, frank confidence.

Those privileged among us have been regaled by stories of the past, by personal reminiscences, and by uniquely perceptive assessments of past Journal members. For Miss Mac has known us, helped us and remembered us *not* by our class standing, our intellectual prowess or our aggressive competitiveness. Rather she has known us as we conduct ourselves as human beings. And all of us have been judged by her in that respect with great and unceasing charity. In turn, we have striven to be worthy of the gentle warmth which she has so continuously extended.

A supplementary retirement fund established for Miss McMahon by her former editors has to date received over \$1,000.00 in contributions.



This issue is dedicated to
MISS MARIE McMAHON

Business Secretary, Yale Law Journal
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